DINNER WAS GENUINE

Queen's Repast at Alexandra Trust Cost 9 Cents.

CHEAP MEALS FOR POOR

ENGLISH ENGAGE IN USUAL PRE-EASTER SHOPPING.

Coming Out of Princess Patricia—Curzon Acquires Walmer Castle—Notable Elderly Duchess.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

LONDON, March 30, 1904.

Many people have doubted the genuineness of the queen's four-pence-half-penny (nine cents) dinner of which she partook last week at the Alexandra Trust, run in connection with Sir Thomas Lipton, who financed the scheme originally. A man who has tested the meals at the Trust, however, speaks convincingly concerning them. He says: "There is no nonsense about these dinners. I paid my four-pence-half-penny to the smart young lady at the ticket office and was promptly served with pea soup and bread, roast mutton, potatoes, sultana pudding and coffee. The whole made up one of the Trust's justly celebrated and royally patronized three-course dinners, and I was not asked for a half-penny more than I paid on coming in. Unfortunately, roast lamb and mint sauce, which the queen had, were not in today's bill of fare, but it is a dish which comes up regularly at least once a week, and that, with the usual trimmings, costs no more than the four-pence-half-penny, which the queen paid."

But the resources of these democratic dining saloons are really remarkable. The cheapest "three-course dinner" is priced at three pence. For this one can obtain soup, bread, beefsteak pudding, pastry and tea, coffee or cocoa. The "four-pence-half-penny" changes are rung upon roast pork, boiled beef, roast beef, roast mutton and roast lamb, so that regular diners can have plenty of variety during the week. The visitor who wants to dine in first-class style takes a ticket for the special five-penny dinner on the second floor. There he is supplied with soup and bread, roast beef, roast pork or boiled beef, two vegetables, pastry and tea, coffee or cocoa. The food is excellent and ample, and any hesitancy about eating will be dispelled by a visit to the well-appointed and cleanly kitchens on the top floor.

It is not pretended that the lamb costs a shilling a pound, but there is no reason why it should not be thoroughly good lamb for all that. The beef is American chilled and the mutton Australian. All the prices are correspondingly low. Roast lamb with mint sauce or beef, mutton or pork cost two-pence-half-penny a plate if you take them separately. A large beefsteak pudding (made fresh daily from prime ox beef) is three pence, loin chop or rump steak four pence, rabbit pie three pence, sheep's heart three pence, eggs three for two-pence-half-penny and salmon and sardines one penny. There is a great run every Friday on the fried fish, which costs a penny a plate. In the summer cooling salads take a popular place in the menu, and the three-course dinners finish off with ice cream and mineral waters.

Pre-Easter Shopping.

The west end streets, especially Bond street and Regent street, are thronged these days with people busy apparently with pre-Easter shopping. Quite a number seemed to have been tempted by the bright sunshine to leave off their mourning for half mourning of gray or mauve, and some of the younger lady shoppers had anticipated Easter gaieties in the matter of pretty flower toques and straw hats wreathed with flowers. The enormous circumference of the new hats in the windows of the modistes is somewhat alarming. The flat-crowned Breton sailor has become a sort of cart wheel, pulled up at the sides into enormous breadth. A wreath of flowers and a lace veil, the latter skillfully draped and hanging down the back, are the favorite form of trimming. Another fashion in headgear is the huge poke bonnet, with a garland of flowers inside the brim. The crown of the latest fashion in millinery is very broad, and when the brim is added the circumference is at least equal to that of the hugest picture hat.

The "growler," as the London four wheel cab is called, is the best holiday barometer possible. Ordinarily it is used by the gouty, the nervous and paterfamilias en famille. But as holiday season approaches it blossoms out into universal use, with a trunk, a bicycle, or a perambulator, or all three, on the top. Its one destination then is the railway station. Just now one sees many "growlers" thus top decked and meandering stationwards. They tell the tale of the lucky who are able to anticipate Eastertide. The boardings for the time being are confined to narrating the charms of many resorts, these charms, of course, being much greater at Easter than at any season, and a line judiciously placed in the glowing text tells you which railway company is willing to take you to these charms for quite a nominal charge. The Easter holiday is the most popular conversational theme.

The gaiety of the London season will be perceptibly enhanced by the permanent residence at Clarence House of the Duke of Connaught, who, on taking up the duties in May next of inspector general of the forces, will reside continuously at Clarence House or at Bagshot Park, the country house which he acquired when he was in command at Aldershot.

One of the events of the season will be the coming out of the Princess Patricia, the duke's second daughter and third child. She is taller than her sister, the Princess Margaret, and quite as handsome. She delights in outdoor pastimes such as golf, hockey and cycling. The duke intends during the season to give a garden party at Clarence House and a house party for Ascot at Bagshot Park.

Clarence House is one of the small group of stately mansions between St. James' Palace and the Green Park. Its title is due to the fact that it was the residence of William IV when Duke of Clarence, but was a small mansion then. Late last century it was enlarged and remodeled to suit the requirements of the Duke of Edinburgh, subsequently Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Opposite Clarence House is the much more famous Stafford House, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, with a dining room worthy of Versailles, and a picture gallery world-famous.

Curzon Acquires Walmer Castle.

What Lord Curzon gains by being appointed lord warden of the cinque ports is the acquisition of Walmer Castle as a marine residence. It was principally with an eye to using Walmer Castle for change of air and possibly saving his short visits to France that the late Marquis of Salisbury took the wardenship when the late Marquis of Dufferin gave it up. It is a delightful and health-giving residence, and constitutes, in fact, the chief attraction of the wardenship. No doubt Lord Curzon is looking to it to recruit Lady Curzon's somewhat delicate health.

But perhaps for the very reason of its salubrity it is like the famous health resorts for invalids like Madeira or Hyeres, associated with many notable deaths. It is not fair, perhaps, to include the great Duke of Wellington, who died there in 1852, for he had held the wardenship for nearly thirty years, and would have retained it as long as he lived. But Lord Granville died there, and so did Mr. W. H. Smith, who succeeded him, and if Lady Salisbury did not die there she was stricken there with her last illness and was taken home from thence to die.

Walmer Castle has special attractions for the active politician, as it is supposed that its new warden is going to be, for it is within easy access of London and lends itself most readily to the indulgence of a "week's end." Mr. Smith was very fond of it. Though born in London and brought up in the midst of the business turmoil of the Strand, he delighted in the sea, and his yacht was his favorite recreation. When he could no longer walk he used to be carried on board, declaring that the air would do him good. Lord Palmerston was in his time a warden, and it is noticeable that among Lord Curzon's predecessors have been two distinguished ex-viceroys of India, Lord Dalhousie and Lord Dufferin.

Remarkable Elderly Duchess.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn is over ninety years of age, and though she is now ill, is expected to recover. She is a remarkable old lady. She has 205 direct descendants living. She had seven daughters, and of these one is a duchess, two married marquises and four earls. The full list is: Duchess of Buccleuch, Marchioness of Lansdowne, Marchioness of Blanford, Countess of Durham, Countess of Lichfield, Countess of Mount Edgcumbe and Countess of Winterton. This is surely a "record." All the duchess' sons were in the short parliament of 1885-6—the duke (who had just succeeded) and George, Claud, Frederic and Ernest.

She was born Lady Louisa Russell, daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and was therefore a sister of Lord John Russell, or rather a half sister, for she was a daughter of the duke's second wife, Lady Georgiana Gordon, whose mother was the famous Jane, Duchess of Gordon, raiser of the Gordon Highlanders. Jane's vivacity, playfulness, high spirits and love of practical joke descended very markedly to the Duchess of Abercorn.

Her husband, Lord Abercorn, was one of the handsomest men of his time. When he was made viceroy of Ireland in 1866 he gave a fancy ball, in which he appeared as Charles I. Everybody who had Van Dyck's portrait in his mind's eye said that the likeness was simply lifelike, the same long oval face, the same pointed beard and the mustache turned up at the ends. When he left Ireland he was made a duke by Lord Beaconsfield. He is "The Duke" in Lothair.

When he was a boy he proposed, with a boylike gravity, to Lady Louisa Russell at a children's ball given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House. In consonance with the common fate of boys' proposals, nothing more happened. Not, that is to say, till years afterward, when they met as young man and young woman at a London ball. Lord Abercorn said, "Do you remember what I said behind the curtain at Carlton House? Well, I say it again."

Last Sunday was show Sunday, and although the observance is falling into disuse, there are still studies in St. John's wood and Chelsea where this is not known, and pictures were arranged and admired and tea prepared in the nice old social way. Mr. Hubert von Herkomer is sending portraits of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Lord Mount-Edgecumbe. Popular painters are showing more and more a pardonable tendency to drop into the more lucrative art of portraiture, but despite this we are promised many exciting "subject-pictures."

Another of Mr. Forbes' canvases is "A Rescue at Dawn," early morning breaking cold, gray sea, a boat load of rescued women and children being brought ashore. Mr. W. B. Wollen is sending "Waterloo, the Line Will Advance." The Duke of Wellington, giving command, is in front of the picture. Mr. John Carlton, too, has been at the wars. His part is "A Scene in the Peninsular War." The stage is well represented, Mr. John Collier sending a portrait group of Mrs. Kendall, Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Tree in the "Merry Wives," Mr. Harrington Mann a full length of Miss Marie Studholme, and (to the New Gallery) a portrait of Mrs. Forbes Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliot).

A Typical Art Academy.

There is every promise of the academy being a typical one, nor will there be any falling off in numbers. I notice among the list published that one lady is sending "Ambushed—a lion running toward the spectator with javelins falling round him."

Burlington House yesterday might well have been mistaken for a sort of Harrod's stores or Whiteley's. Vehicles of all shapes and sizes, horse-drawn, motor-drawn and man-drawn, each parcel-laden, crowded the neighborhood awaiting their turn to unload their freight. It was the last sending-in day for paintings by non-members intended to be exhibited in the academy's spring show, and each "parcel" represented a picture. In size, and, no doubt, in subject, they were as miscellaneous as the conveyances carrying them. In the great hall some of the art students formed themselves into an unofficial "hanging" committee, and did as scant and sharp justice to some of the intended exhibits as the real executioners probably may do.

The late Sir Edwin Arnold was an inordinate tea drinker and an inveterate smoker. He smoked nearly all the time that he was awake. If smoking be an amusement of the eyesight he must have lost all pleasure in it, for he became totally blind long before his death. His salary on the Daily Telegraph at the outset was only £200 a year, but it eventually became £3,000. He and Mr. J. M. Le Sage made the paper what it is today, with its profit last year of £400,000.

L. H. MOORE.

THE SIBERIAN COW.

Growth of Butter-Making Industry East of Ural Mountains.

From the New York Sun.

No phase of old world agriculture has made such astonishing progress in the last few years as the dairy industry of Siberia. Twenty years ago no butter was made in that country. Milk was consumed where produced, and if there was any excess it was thrown away. The first butter was made by a farmer named Panphilof among the foothills of the Urals eighteen years ago. At the present time over $15,000,000 worth of butter is annually exported, besides what is consumed in the country. Nothing like this wonderful development of butter making in so short a time was ever seen in any other land.

The growth of the industry has been due to a number of favoring circumstances. The region of grassy steppes in the western provinces of Siberia is finely adapted for cattle raising. About the time that the Siberian railroad began to afford facilities for shipments to the west some Danes who visited the country were struck with the immensity of its natural pasturage and the fine condition of the cattle. They brought their expert knowledge and imported their machinery and began to make butter. Russian, German and a few English butter makers came in and followed the example of the Danes.

The attention of the Russian government was called to this new development, and the officials thought the prospects for the new branch of farming were excellent. Probably no government has ever fostered a young industry with more energy and intelligence than Russia has given to Siberian butter making. Government agents by scores have gone from farm to farm to teach the proper care of milk and the processes of butter making. The government has subsidized the cold storage plants that are maintained at all the butter shipping points and provided the Siberian railroad with a large number of refrigerating cars. It has also helped to establish a large number of co-operative butter factories on the Danish model, and most of the butter is now made in these establishments.

The Siberian cow, yielding milk not great in quantity, but notably rich, is today worth more to Siberia in international trade than its wheat crop. Butter is the chief export commodity. The first exports were in 1893; nine years later they amounted to 685,500,000 pounds, worth more than twice the value of the wheat exported in 1900, the last first-rate harvest year.

So here is a region of Asia that would suffer severely if anything should occur to destroy Russia's friendly relations with her great neighbors. Siberia would lose for a time the best markets for her growing production of butter.

Color of Whisky and Its Age.

From the London World.

A query about Scotch whisky is, does color indicate age? Theoretically it should; actually it does not. Whisky is stored in sherry casks to mature and takes color from the wood. Sherry, however, covers a wide range of shades, and a spirit stored in a cask which had held a pale variety would obviously not be colored to the same extent as a spirit stored for a like time in a cask that had previously held a dark brown wine, though as regards maturing both would be equally improved. The general public, however, could never be made to understand that two bottles of whisky differing in color were absolutely identical in every essential point, and therefore most brands maintain a standard of color by means of a harmless coloring ingredient, namely, burned sugar.

Grateful Young Love.

From Puck.

Theodore — "What are the illusions of courtship?"

Theophilus—"Your idea that you can buy her all she wants; and her idea that she won't want anything you can't buy her."

ECSTASY OF GIVING

All Japan is Contributing to the War Funds.

BOTH RICH AND POOR

ARE STINTING THEMSELVES IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY

For the Sake of the Men at the Front and Their Families Left Behind.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

TOKYO, March 10, 1904.

Japan is stinting itself as America did during the civil war, and for the same double purpose—that the armies may be kept in the field and the burdens of those dependent on the nation's defenders lessened, if not altogether removed. There is pressing need of national and individual self-sacrifice at this time. Already over 2,000 families of soldiers in this city alone are dependent upon the nation's charity for their daily bread—or rice, rather; and what is true in the capital is true throughout Nippon, just as similar conditions prevailed in city and hamlet, north and south, during the civil war.

Japan is stinting from top to bottom.

The high officials, peers and aristocrats have declared off all social engagements. The geisha houses are deserted, and many of them have closed from lack of patronage. So it is with the restaurants. Feasts there and in private houses—the Japanese are ordinarily great indulgers in feasts—are now the uncommon happening. Indeed, there has been no public feast of any sort—and, I dare say, scarcely a private one—since the second day after the first battle at Port Arthur, when the emperor entertained the high officials in celebration of the victory. That has been the single indulgence of the war.

The public school teachers have voluntarily agreed to give over to the various soldiers' aid societies one-tenth of their salaries as long as the war lasts. The housewives in many precincts of the city are giving their pin money. In one precinct they contributed 200 yen last week. Every actor is giving 50 sen a month. The messenger boys have banded together and so far contributed 250 yen, at the rate of 70 to 80 sen a month apiece, for caring for wounded soldiers. The carpenters' wives are forming associations in every precinct, and giving according to their means, cutting down on the family table that they may do so.

Among All Classes.

In Shitaya precinct — a precinct corresponds to an American ward—the janitors in the office buildings have agreed to cut down on their living expenses and give 20 sen (10 cents) per head a week till peace comes again. In the precinct of Shimbashi the Geisha Association of 170 odd houses is contributing 200 yen a month, most of this coming from savings, for the income of these houses, as already remarked, has fallen off greatly.

The women, irrespective of class, are economizing in all directions. The Ladies' One Heart Society—the Fujiu Isshiukai—is representative of their organizations. This society embraces the women of the middle class, and its members are saving on their food and their hair dressing and bath money. They visit the baths only once a week now instead of daily. Indeed, every member must make it a point to save something daily for "a bandage for a soldier's leg, or rice for his mother's mouth."

Those who cannot pare their expenses because they are down to the bone already are stinting themselves of their leisure time. The errand boys of the wholesale and retail districts have formed a boys' association to make straw sandals for the soldiers after working hours. Each boy manufactures about fifty pairs a week. Some of the boys, not content with this sacrifice, beg waste paper from the stores and go around peddling it, getting 2 cents for every ten pounds of paper, and turning the proceeds into a common fund.

Free of Charge.

The doctors, masseurs and midwives are giving their services, free of charge, to the families of soldiers; and the rickshaw man, Mukubata Jisaburo, who saved the czar's life when the latter, as czarevitch, was traveling in Japan, is contributing the pension which the Russian government granted him for his act. He says it is the only way by which he can ease his conscience for receiving money from the nation's enemy at such a time.

Indeed, Nippon is so imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice that it gets well nigh hysterical at times to give.

This was illustrated a day or so ago when Sonoda Kokichi, formerly president of the Yokohama Specie Bank of Japan, during the course of a lecture before the Kokumin Kouyenkai (the Mutual Aid Society for Citizens), called upon the assembled nobles, merchants and bankers to give their jewelry for the amelioration of the conditions among the poor.

Instantly the audience was in an uproar—gold watches, rings, pins, all sorts of personal ornaments were literally being torn from their fastenings and thrown at the speaker. Several hundred pieces of jewelry valued at a good many thousand yen were contributed in a few minutes, and when the meeting was over hardly a person left the hall with a bit of jewelry showing about him. Since then, as one of the newspapers quaintly puts it, "even the officials are afraid to wear rings for fear of being called the models of fools."

Heavy Contributors.

Mr. Sonoda has been one of the neatest individual contributors to the aid societies. The day after the demonstration at his lecture he gave seven gold watches, a chain and 18,000 yen in money. Mr. Sonoda's liberality has made him one of the most popular citizens of Tokyo today.

The banking, mining and dry goods house of Mitsu & Co., which has American and London branches, has, perhaps, made the largest single contribution—100,000 yen, or $50,000. Each member of the Mitsu family—it is not small—gave according to his personal wealth.

By reason of their contributions, which have been made largely to the Red Cross Society, the foreigners are universally acclaimed. Miss Ethel Howard, the English governess in the family of Marquis Shimadzu, a feudal lord, is being blessed by the soldiers' families, who have somehow heard of her letter to her employer's attorney, in which she states that she declines to accept her salary for six months, wishing it to be used to succor soldiers' families.

But the man who has given his all for the succor of his fellow-countrymen is Kinebuchi Sei-ichiro, head of the Yamato Company, doing business in Manchuria and Siberia. He was worth 40,000 roubles when the war broke out. He saw the distress of his countrymen who were in Harbin with him, and he knew of their suffering elsewhere in the enemy's country. So he took his money, gave enough to each Jap to get him out of the country, and arranged with German steamers to pick up the refugees at the different ports and carry them to Nagasaki.

Will Be a Hero.

In this way hundreds of Japs reached home in safety, but Kinebuchi remained in Harbin, saying that he would not leave until every Jap in Manchuria was safe. Then, he said, he would disguise himself as a Chinaman and escape. But no word has come from Kinebuchi, and no trace can be got of him, and the belief is gradually increasing that he has been caught by the Russians and executed as a spy.

If such is the case, it is safe to assume, from the way even the rickshaw men are now praising Kinebuchi's generous act, that he will become one of the heroes of the war.

One of the most unusual features of this ecstacy of giving is seen daily on the streets. The country people are bringing their horses by the hundreds into town as their contributions to the welfare of the nation. Before parting with their animals they industriously comb their manes, lavishly caress them, call them a multitude of pet names, and bid them good-bye at length. "And the horses," says the "Jiji Shimbum," "seem to appreciate the words of their masters and droop their heads in sorrow."